week of April.

I hope you silence comes from being busy, not from health or other problems.

Lil's intensive work is over and I hope the rest will be restorative.

Last week something strange hit me. The hospital at first seemed to fear a heart attack but then decided it had to be some kind of muscle spasm in the lower chest. It has slowed me down for several days, partly from restrictions, partly from sleeplessness and partly from discomfort. Today has been my best one since so I suppose that nature, muscle relaxants or the combination xxx is working. But I don't yet think of cranking a mower or other such work.

To the degree it can now be measured my trip seems to have been a success. One day only.

Jim and I are deep into the making of a detailed record in CA 2502-73, my suit for the 1/27 ex.sess. transcript. They are helping us with typical less than truthful moves and statements, even this time a false one under oath from Rankin. We're preparing the load to dump on him! I rather my unpopularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. And will. If the judge doesn't clobber them, he'll take anything from them.

Little else new. Had a pleasant afternoon and evening. You remember the McDonalds? They came, bringing supper with them. Cris grilled steaks outside and we had the first outside meal of the year. I actually spent much of the day outside baking the tender areas. It was warm enough. And no bugs yet.

Lil is finishing up a return that is late and I think I'll see if sleep comes and lasts a little longer tonight. I was so uncomfortable I got up at 3 a.m. And imagine! the doctor told me to stay in bed over the weekend when that is the single most uncomfortable thing. The typing chair and those of the kitchen are the only ones I've not been uncomfortable in and he says stay in bed! He should know the kind of deal it has been to ignore the pain enough to get out of it! Odd business. Any but a shallow breath hurts. Coughing, sneezing, breaking wind, all hurt.

I probably did it repairing the dam. When you are here and see what I've been moving, alone, it may be comprehensible. Lil said she didn't see how I did it alone. My joke was that I didn't, that Srchimedes had helped. He's long dead, she said. He's never dea, said I. oke.

But I'm now told that you can strain a muscle and have it not show for a day.

Anyway, I seem to be getting along o.k. When you can, tell us when we'll see you.

Our best,